may be, hath endured a griefe might equal yours, if both were iuſtly weighed, though wayward fortune did maligne my ſtate, my deriuation was from anceſtors who ſtood equiuolent with mighty Kings, but time hath rooted out my parentage, and to the world and aukward caſualties, bound me in ſeruitude, I wil deſiſt but there is ſomething glowes vpon my cheek, and whiſpers in mine eare, Goe not till he ſpeake,

Per, My fortunes parentage, good parentage to equall mine; was it not thus, what ſay you?

Mar. I ſaide, my Lord, if you did know my parentage, you would not doe me violence.

Per. I do thinke ſo, pray you turne your eye vpon me, ye'are like ſome-thing that, what Country-women heare of theſe ſhewes?

Mar. No, nor of any ſhews, yet I was mortally brought foorth and am no other then I appeare.

Per. I am great with woe, and ſhalbe deliuered weeping: my deareſt wife was like this maid, and ſuch a one my daughter might haue beene: my Queenes ſquare browes, her ſtature to an inch, as wand-like ſtraite, as ſiluer voyc'ſt, her eyes as iewell-like and caſt as richly, in pace another *Iuno*. Who ſtarues the eares ſhee feedes and makes them hungry, the more ſhe giues them ſpeech; where do you liue?

Mar. Where I am but a ſtranger from the decke, you may diſcerne the place.

Per. Where were you bred? and how atchieu'd you theſe endowments which you make more rich to owe?

Mar. If I ſhould tell my hiſtory it would ſeeme like lies diſdaind in the reporting.

Per. Prethee ſpeake, falſeneſſe cannot come from thee, for thou lookeſt modeſt as iuſtice, and thou ſeemſt a *Pallas* for the crownd truth to dwell in, I will beleeue thee, and make my ſenees credit thy relation, to points that ſeeme impoſſible, for thou lookſt like one I loued indeed; what were thy friends? Didſt thou not ſtay when I did puſh thee backe, which was when I perceiud thee that thou camſt from good diſcent.

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per.

Per. Report thy parentage, I think beene toſt from wrong to iniury, and griefes might equall mine, if both wer

Mar. Some ſuch thing I ſaid, and ſai thoughts did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy ſtory, if thine conſide part of my endnrance, thou art a man, gyrle, yet thou doſt look like patience, and ſmiling extreamity out of acte, wh loſt thou thy name my moſt kinde virg thee, Come ſit by me.

Mar. My name is *Marina*,

Per. Oh I am mockt, and thou by hither to make the world to laugh me.

Mar. Patience good ſir, or heere ile

Per Nay Ile be patient, thou little ſtartle me to call thy ſelfe *Marina*.

Mar. The name was giuen me by my father aud a King,

Per. How, a kings daughter and cald

Mar. You ſaid you would beleeue ble of your peace I will end here.

Per. But are you fleſh and bloud? Haue you a working pulſe, and no Fai Motion will ſpeake on, where were you And wherefore call *Marina*?

Mar. Cald *Marina*, for I was borne

Per. At ſea who! was thy mother:

Mar. My mother was the daughter minute I was borne, as my good Nurſ uered weeping.

Per. O ſtop there a little, this is the ra That ere dull ſleepe did mocke ſad fool This cannot be my daughter, buried, w Ile heare you more to the bottome of terrupt you.

Mar. You ſcorne, beleeue me twere

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